

Miscellany.

TOWN TALK.

SOMETHING ABOUT FATHER TAYLOR.

"The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!" Who has not heard the story?—Who does not know that when the wild waves made a grave for a husband and a father of his congregation, old honest Father Taylor, laying his reverend hand upon the head of the bereaved widow, gave expression to sympathy of his heart in such words—"The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!" Ah! well may that flock of passage birds who make up the congregation at the Seamen's Bethel be proud of that old grey head in their pulpit—though he does rush the brimstone and bluster rather too steep for comfort! There is not one amongst them upon whose head, first or last, his reverend hand has not lain in blessings; there is not a heart upon which, in times of deep affliction, his holy words have not fallen like dew from heaven; there is not a husband and wife in his congregation whose hands he has not united till death shall them part; there is not a child amongst them whose birth has not been sanctified by his imploring words, there is not a mound in the graveyard over whose dust he has not wept and prayed, as he would weep and pray should some gem from his own fireside go out from his gaze, to sleep with the summer blossoms above them—such tears and prayers as who worship in gilded palaces, whose needless adornment would have fed a hundred starving sinners, could never dream of—such tears and prayers as lay hold upon the promises of God, and will not be denied! Oh, live, if you will, a slave to that religion which circles all around the heart but never touches ground! worship, whose selfishness passes for religion, and hypocrisy for truth—where, to pass current, you must advocate a Christianity to live by, and not to die by; but give me the old honest teaching of a less comfortable creed, so it comes to me in that sincerity of soul which blazes out from the rugged, manly heart of old Father Taylor!

"The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!" Nor is it the widow alone whose tears cease to flow in view of such consolation. A bright young heart has ceased its beating, and a bereaved mother sorrows over the fragile little bud, laying so still and white before her. Baby is dead! There are crowds to wonder at the mother's passionate grief, to talk to her of the sinfulness of her sorrow, and tell her how much better off it is among the angels. Useless—useless all! The old minister knows, mayhap, from bitter experience, that it is useless! He knows how that tiny bud had twined and braided itself with her mother's heart-strings! He knows how love and hope had blossomed to her mind in its onward pathway, and he tells her to weep her fill, for there is no sin in the tears shed for the early dead; so he tells her to weep for the dear, fond face she will miss, yearn for, but never see again—to weep for the soft dimpled arms whose close clasping she will remember, mourn for, but never feel again!—to weep for the little golden head nestling in childish confidence to her bosom, which she will pine for, dream of, wake to loneliness and desolation! He tells her to weep for the child-angel, called home before the taint of earth was on its wing; but while she weeps, to remember that there is a Father above us, who will have mercy upon her because her heart is widowed of its infant love!

"The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!" There is treachery where there should have been love, and the dearest friend I ever knew comes to me with those words upon her lips! With a pure, high heart, passionate and devoted in its bearings, fate threw in her path one every way qualified to win the enthusiastic devotion of a spirit formed to love but once, and that once forever! I need not tell you how she loved. I should fail in language to convey a sense of the utter exclusiveness, the almost morbid devotion she lavished upon him. His word, his look, his smile—there was nothing else for her in the wide earth but them! But the world saw her in her earnestness, lavishing the wealth of her soul upon his shrine, and grew envious of the happiness which radiated her life. The scandal, with its poisoned sting, wreathed itself around her, turning "trifles light as air" into seeming inconsistency, with which his ear was feasted! And he believed it—believed that she who had given him her life, had made an unholy use of his affection! Prayers, tears, entreaties, all were in vain; he left her with a cold glance, and bitter words, which never could be unspoken. And then her heart broke! Oh, that the Almighty would inflict upon the slanderer one half of the suffering she endures. That the dreary days which seem never to have an end—the drearier nights which are dedicated to tears and prayers for him who has more than widowed her—the dismal future seeming too desolate to be borne, might haunt the cowardly assassins of her fair fame, till they shall seek in vain for that peace they have driven forever from her bosom! And now she sits in her solitary chamber, and writes songs which go to the heart of the multitude; and sometimes, when the world grows very dark, and desolate, she drops the pen to breathe the old man's

pleading prayer—"The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!" And from every home and home in our city, over lost homes lying in their shrouds bearing to us a living death, over affections gathered up in heaven, or withered away from us by treachery and deceit, drifts up that solemn appeal, made more solemn by the earnest application of the good old sailors' friend—Father Taylor! And the time will come when the Seamen's Bethel will miss its grand old teacher forever more in this world—when the beacon light which has saved the shipwreck of many a noble soul, must be looked for—above; and when the congregation, which while I write, (for it is Sunday,) are listening to his eloquent voice, in grief for that bereavement, will with one accord, send up that impressive prayer—"The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are a widow!" H. M. S.

LIFE PICTURES.

"She brushed away a tear and passed out over the threshold."

There is more poetry unwritten than written. Some talk of romance, and think the fine pictures of the writer to be overdrawn and unnatural. Unnatural they may be, but if by "overdrawn" they mean too beautiful, I beg to dissent. There is that in the development of merely a common child from two years old to six, in a lowly parterre of the cotter's garden, on a common hill-side of a wooded pasture, which no tongue can utter, no pencil portray. Then in the moral field there are thoughts, emotions, experiences, which have as yet met their slightest indications on the poet's page. So the thoughts flitted past me as I witnessed the above.

An old lady of three-score years and ten passed out from a mansion which had first been hers, and who may speak of the life picture of that silent tear was the signal! Is it not that her lot has been so very unusual, O, no, but rather that it is so common, this is what sets me thinking. As in a thousand cases, so in hers; how bright life was! A dear domestic circle, joyous with the budding impulses of two prattling boys, smiles and tears, chasing each other in quick succession, and hopes so sanguine crowning all. Who shall speak of the hopeful anticipations, daily and nightly coned over by the father and mother, as the boys go in and out from their tasks at school, or safely tucked up in the cot or trundle-bed!

The years go gliding by, and now the solemn experiences begin to come. All so different from those early dreams of bliss, the youngest is seen to filter and to fade; his strength goes out while it is yet morning, and the grave hides him. Anon "riches" take to themselves wings and fly away, change after change is repeated, and they with many a cue can testify how very few such early hopes are realized. Do we ask why all this? Aye, the very questioning implies forgetfulness of what we ought to remember. We are immortal, life is probation; in these two facts we have the key to what otherwise would seem a mystery. God has so arranged, as that young life shall be joyous in all existence; otherwise, even the arm of probation would be nipped in the bud. The youthful see with their own eyes; they cannot take our experience at second hand, and we should be content they cannot. Such look around them and see that all is not just as might be desired, with their parents and elders, but they never once dreamed but that they themselves shall be more successful. We may each well remember an experience of our own when we would not for a moment have accepted of a future only as bright as the then present of our parents; but to us as to others, the chastening rod has come betimes, one by one of those early illusions visions have disappeared, and sad were it indeed, if better hopes and truer had not taken their places.

These bright illusions have their end in young life's ardent hopes, strong resolves, earnest purposes; wherefore now the change to sadness? Even because we are immortal, and our hold upon earth must gradually be loosened. Each vexing, corroding care, every passing sorrow, each heavy trial and bitter grief, together, all are but the kind workings of the gracious Savior, whispering in our unwilling ear, "this is not your rest."

It is only by remembering these facts that we can best bear our trials, only thus receive the truest discipline. Some trials come in such a way as to mingle bitter regrets for our own misdeeds and errors. These are very painful, but be sure, even these are sometimes necessary. Other afflictions are so evidently from the hand of God that the sufferer has little more to do than bear patiently and trustingly; yet none may say, "I have not deserved this."

Perhaps there is not a finer spectacle, in the view of "ministering spirits," to be found on earth, than that of a human soul "made perfect through suffering." I mean that degree of human suffering which the grace of God enables one sometimes to attain before the mortal coil is dropped. How well such an one bears with the infirmities of others! How peaceful, confiding he is when clouds lower in the horizon all around him! how little he has to fear in the future! Small difference it makes with him where is his temporary lot; lowly services do not degrade him, for through services, great and small, through suffering merely chafing, or anon well nigh crushing, he beholds like the hand of a kind Heaven's Father disciplining him for the skies.

Every day a man goes past my window, and I wonder with myself if he be not one who is quietly submissive and hopeful. He is aged, and the passing years have bowed him to so painful a degree that one can hardly look upon him but with sympathy. Anything like real labor is out of the question; so he has taken upon him a care and a pet. The sun hardly begins to descend the horizon ere he may be seen weaving his way southward with rope in hand, to find his cow and lead her homeward. Some two hours after, he is leisurely returning. Each green spot and grassy nook he frequents with her, and thus whiles away the hours till sundown. This is his duty. I have admired his patient lowliness, and as his pet is always so docile, I judge him kind of heart; and though I know nothing more of him, not even his name, I cannot but hope he is a Christian. If so, how glorious his future!—*Cong. Journal.*

Such passages of eloquent retrospective and truthful pathos as the following, too rarely grace the columns of the political press:

THE FUTURE AND THE PAST.—The celebration of a great anniversary turns the tide of memory back along the track of Time. In the living action of the present—in the building up of the golden hopes for the future, the old, grey, misty Past is forgotten—its experiences are slighted—its blessings unrecalled—its sorrows blotting out—and its merciful chastenings unheeded.

A year ago! Do not the words awaken some stirring thought? Is not the page of an eventful history opened to the eyes of the heart?

Then the cycle of time that has passed round so swiftly, was the future, too; filled with as many rosy visions, alluring with as many buoyant hopes, as that which now spreads out before us. And what has that history produced for us, of sorrows that wither up our youth—of disappointments that deaden our vital action—of rich pleasures that elate, and vivify? Much that is bitter; and much too that is sweet, but, nothing that is useless, if we but learn from its teachings the grave lesson which God has written on its pages.

Into the home where wealth, and comfort dwell, adversity has come with his heavy footstep. But perchance providence has invited him to enter; and the wisdom learned of experience will build up a new fortune, more cared for, and more prized.

The hand of disease hath been laid upon the blooming cheek, and its roses are changed to the sickly hue of death;—but, "whom God loveth, he chasteneth"—and the affliction that lessens for us the joys of earth, draws us nearer Heaven.

Beside our hearth we sit, and gaze upon the prints of tiny footstep, such prints as the feet of angels might have left behind them—all are leading towards the threshold, but none are returning, and the music of infant mirth, a music that can make the poorest home a paradise comes no longer to our ears; it is hushed forever. On the crest of yonder hill where the trees are tipped with the golden light of sunset, we can see them from where we sit—beneath a small green mound, with a few wild flowers, much of what made the beauty of our home, and the charm our life, is resting.

But is there no consolation even here? In this bitter thought all bitterness? Do we not feel our claim to Heaven stronger, and our affinity more close, in the recollection that so much of all we cherished here below is already in possession of the inheritance which is equally our own? With so gentle a pleader before the throne, shall not our supplications find a ready ear, and our frailties a merciful consideration?

In the starry night, we recognize amid the glittering orbs, violet eyes of infant sweetness smiling down on us; and in the seraph music that we ever hear in fancy, thrilling the skies, we recognize now a familiar voice.

I commend to farmers the examination of this improvement before they build a barn.

FREDRICK WATTS.
Carlisle, Nov. 19, 1854.

Salting Beef for Summer Use.
For 100 lbs. of beef, take 16 quarts fine Ashton salt and 4 ounces saltpetre; cut the meat and pack it edgewise, after rubbing the pieces all over with salt; and after a layer is completed, take an axe or mallet, and pound down solid. Then sprinkle on a little saltpetre and fill up all interstices with salt, and so on until the cask is full.—Those who do not like salt, may omit it without injury to the meat.

I have salted my beef in this way for fifteen years. It needs no soaking before boiling, and will be tender and sweet the year round. By this way of salting, it makes its own brine and never wants re-packing—nor the brine scalding. If the brine should not cover it, in the Spring sufficient may be added for that purpose.

BARN BUILDING.
In Pennsylvania there is no complete farm without a barn, and the plan of construction is almost uniform. A bank-barn is deemed an indispensable necessity. The immense amount of money thus invested, and the proportion which it bears to the value of the land itself, is very satisfactory evidence of its practical value. Notwithstanding the impression that exists in other States on this subject, in my judgment, there can be no good and profitable farming without it. The subject has, therefore, sufficient importance to warrant the consideration, whether this plan, so universal, has not been improved upon.

There can be no doubt of the great superiority of the two storied bank-barn. The plan of construction which will most conveniently economize time and labor will best promote the farmer's interests. Having one of each kind, experience has shown me the great superiority of that which I recommend. The difference between them cannot be better expressed than by saying that the improved barn has two sets of floors one above the other; and as you drive into the upper one, it of course, requires a corresponding height of natural bank—not so high, however, as may not be had on most farms of rolling land. The upper floor, has an elevation of seven feet above the lower. The advantage of such a barn is first, its great capacity. It has a height and depth of twenty six feet, without high pitching; for your look is about the middle of it, and you pitch both down and up—down to the bottom of the mow, which is on a level with the lower floor, and up to the height of an ordinary barn. But the particular value of this is, the immense compression which results from a high and deep mow—the grain or hay is pressed into a space which is almost incredible to any one who has not experienced it. After filling the mow nearly full, you are led to wonder at its capacity to receive more. I need only add, that all other parts of the barn are improved in their convenience and space by this simple alteration in principle; and the size of your barn is made to consist in the height instead of its length and breadth, whereby you save, at point of expense, the extensive roofing, and add nothing to your height of wall, which you do not take from its length and breadth, and what you gain is, the value of pressure in packing away, and the saving of labor, in requiring but one or two hands to put your grain in a small mow, when two or three, or perhaps four, would be required in one of greater space.

But this is but no point of convenience and economy. To thresh grain with a machine requires far, five or six hands—the number depending upon the convenience of putting away the straw. It is easy to perceive the difference in putting away straw in mows and over-shots seven feet below the floor, and in those on a level with it. And sooner after you begin to get out your grain this state of the case arises, and it will be found that one or two hands less are required.

The capacity of the common bank barn will allow you to thresh from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels at a time, and then you must stop, discharge your hands, and occupy the next day or two in cleaning up and getting your grain out of the way, whereas in the improved barn the threshed grain passes to the lowest floor, is not in your way, and you thresh on until you are done. And in a barn thus constructed more than double the quantity can be threshed in a day. In the common use, it requires about twenty-two minutes to run through ten dozen, and twenty-seven minutes to cave it up; in the improved one all the time of caving up, being more than one half, is saved. These machines will thresh one hundred bushels a day in the former, with one hand less will thresh two hundred in the latter. One of the lower floors is used in cleaning your grain, and the other for garner; and both constantly useful for many other purposes.

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Economy in a Family.
There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlor, it runs away he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries "More!" like the horse leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the wife's duty to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property.

The husband's interests should always, and ever be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune, as he can in the counting-room or work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils in its train.

The Two Gifts.

In New York, a Fifth Avenue lady well known in fashionable society, was the recipient, on New Year's day, of one elegant flower gift.

It was made in the shape of an elaborate wrought table with an octagonal vase, enclosing a canary bird suspended under the central basket in a beautiful cage. The flowers were of the richest and rarest—native and exotic—and the cost nearly \$200.

In New York, also, on that same day, a young—shall we call her lady? for she was poor—living whether on Fifth Avenue or fifteenth, we do not know—and care less—not well known in fashionable society, received a beautiful gift. It was a little babe; a little innocent, lovely babe; and yet the mother took it to her bosom without smiles. Why? For months the iron hand of poverty had bound down to the very earth her youthful husband and herself. There were no full furnished drawers, with cunning wardrobe meet for the little immortal; and well for the mother if she might find a crumb for herself. \$200 for a bouquet of perishing flowers!

Not so VERY GREEN.—A young and apparently verdant strip, who gave his hailing place as "Old Varnum," found himself surrounded upon a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

"Hello, Jonathan!! says one, 'where are you bound?'"

"Bound to Boston, on a little tramp," was the reply.

"What's your business in Boston?" continued the inquisitive gentleman.

"Oh, I'm down after my pension money," responded greeny.

"Pension money?" ejaculated whiskered—

"How much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?"

"Oh! answered the countryman—I get four cents every year—two mind my own business, and let other folks' business alone!"

The crowd had no more remarks to offer. The answer was entirely satisfactory.

TWELVE RULES FOR THE YEAR.

The following are intended, mainly for the guidance of young men and women:

1. Get married—if you can; look before you leap. Love matches are romantic, nice things to read about, but they have brimstone in them now and then; so says Ike Marvel, Esq.
2. Unite in overthrowing the fashion which translates civility into love.
3. Go to church at least once a week.
4. Whenever you see a lecture advertised the evening upon which it is to be delivered, set apart for reading fifteen pages of a good book.
5. Circulate no scandal.
6. Avoid all kinds of spirits—particularly spirit rappers.
7. If in the theatre, or other place of public amusement, do not level your opera glasses at strangers.
8. Never notice the clothing of persons attending divine worship, nor stand in front of the house of God after the service.
9. Never ask a man his business—where he is going to—where he came from—when he left—when he intends to go back—or the number of his dollars. You may inquire as to the state of his health and that of his parents, sisters and brothers—but venture no farther.
10. Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among all your acquaintances.
11. Never speak disparagingly of women, and endeavor to conquer all your prejudices. Believe all persons sincere in the religion which they profess.
12. Be economical, but not parsimonious nor niggardly. Make good use of your dollars but not idols. Live within your means, and never borrow money in anticipation of your salary.

CHANGE OF TIME.
Steubenville and Indiana Railroad.
ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, JANUARY 4th. Trains will be run daily (except Sundays), as follows:
THE EXPRESS TRAIN.
Leaves Steubenville at 7:00 A. M.
Arrives at Newark at 3:00 P. M.
RETURNING.
Leaves Newark at 11:15 A. M.
Arrives at Steubenville at 7:15 P. M.
THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.
Leaves Steubenville at 4:15 P. M.
Arrives at Cadiz at 6:30 P. M.
RETURNING.
Leaves Cadiz at 7:30 A. M.
Arrives at Steubenville at 9:50 A. M.
THE FREIGHT TRAIN.
Leaves Steubenville at 5:30 A. M., and arrives same place at 6:00 P. M. Leaves Hanover at 5:45 A. M., and arrives same place at 5:00 P. M. Passengers by the Express train connect at Newark with trains for Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Mt. Vernon, Mansfield, Shelby, Cleveland, Monroeville and Sandusky City and Chicago.

By this arrangement, there are seven miles of staging, which will be continued for a few days, until the track is laid into Newark.
ISRAEL PEMBERTON,
Superintendent.
Jan. 4, 1855.

New Fall and Winter Goods.
OPENING THIS DAY AT G. & J. SCOTT'S. 30 pieces French merinos, all shades, fine quality, at 87½ to 91; 50 pc. Coburg cloth 6 1/4 wide 31 to 62½; 50 pc. black and colored Alpaca from 15 to 75; plain colored all wool delaines; 37½; 55 pc. black and colored dress and mantle silks from 62½ to \$1.50. French and Scotch plaids entirely new styles, prints, printed delaines, &c. 75 cartons of bonnet ribbons, the largest and richest stock ever brought to the city. 10 cartons plain and fancy trimmings, velvet do., silk, galoon and lace gim trimmings, &c. French flowers, bonnets, silks and velvets. Bonnets of all the latest fall styles.

The subscribers have no hesitancy in saying that they are now opening the richest and cheapest lot of goods ever offered in this market.
Jan. 1, 1855. **G. & J. SCOTT.**

The State of Ohio, Court of Common Pleas in and for Jefferson county, ss.

Nancy Blackburn, vs. John L. Blackburn.

Petition for Divorce.
THE Defendant will take notice that the Plaintiff will file the depositions of sundry witnesses, to be read in evidence on the trial of said cause, before competent authority, at the Post office, in the town of Mountsville, in the County of Jefferson, Ohio, on Friday, the 16th day of February, A. D. 1855, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. of said day; to be continued from day to day, between the same hours, until they are completed.

A. H. DOHRMAN & CO.,
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, for the sale of Flour, Grain, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Wool, Seeds, Dried Fruits, Salt, Nails, Window Glass, Merchandise and Produce in general, Steubenville, Ohio.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.
TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE S. & I. R. CO.
A FREIGHT TRAIN is now running to Hanover, leaving this Station daily (Sundays excepted), at 5:30 A. M. Shipments to all stations except Unionport, Cadiz, Fairview and New Market, must be prepaid, and all freight delivered at the depot between the hours of 7 A. M. and 5 P. M. No freight will be received or delivered after 7 o'clock P. M.

LAFAYETTE DEVENNY,
Jan. 4, 1855. General Freight Agent.

Thatcher & Kerlin,
MERCHANT TAILORS, Third St., second door below Market, Steubenville, Ohio, keep constantly for sale and make up to order, Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vesting. Also, Suspenders, Gloves, Shirts, Cravats, Hosiery, and Furnishing Goods generally. All Orders respectfully solicited.
Jan. 1, 1855.

GROCERY AND FEED STORE.
THE subscribers have on hand, and intend keeping on hand, a good supply of Corn, Oats and Mill feed. Also a good supply of Groceries, generally kept in grocery establishments, South west corner of Fourth and Adams street, Steubenville, Ohio.
Jan. 1, 1855. **MEIKLE AND STARK.**

FOR RENT.
A STORE ROOM AND DWELLING
House, on the corner of Fourth and Adams streets, formerly occupied by John Powell. Possession given on the 1st of April. The store room and dwelling house, will be rented together or separately. For terms apply to Jan. 1, 1855—**MOOREY & ELLIOTT.**

NORTON HOTEL,
FORMERLY BLACK BEAR HOUSE.
South Fourth street, Steubenville, Ohio—T. D. HAMILTON, Proprietor. The above named Hotel is situated midway between the Steamboat Landing and Railroad Depot, rendering it a convenient stopping place for Travelers, and others visiting the city.

Marble Establishment,
SOUTH FOURTH ST., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO. All kinds of Marble Work done to order. On hand at all times, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, and the best quality of Grind Stones.
L. BORLAND.
Steubenville, Jan. 1, 1855.

J. C. MCCLARY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Warrenton, Ohio, will carefully attend to all business entrusted to him in the counties of Jefferson, Harrison and Belmont, in the State of Ohio; and Brooke and Ohio counties, Va. Office opposite the Western Hotel, January 1, 1855.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE,
By REV. T. H. STOCKTON.
THIS highly interesting book contains 420 pages, neatly executed, with Small Pica type, on fine paper, 12mo. Price—in cloth 1; in sheep, \$1.25; in half morocco, \$1.50. A liberal discount given to agents and book-sellers, by
J. A. H. ENGLISH & CO.,
Jan. 1, 1855. No. 75, Wood st., Pitts. Pa.

BINGHAM & LLOYD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office at the corner of Third and Market streets, opposite the Court House, Steubenville, Ohio.
January 1, 1855.

J. & J. M. SHANE.
ATTORNEY'S and Counsellors at Law; will promptly attend to all business entrusted to them. Office, Kilgore buildings, Market Street, Steubenville, Ohio.
January 1, 1855.

Wesley Starr & Sons,
TOBACCO AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 4 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, attend to the sales of Tobacco and all kinds of Western Produce, Provisions, &c., &c.
Jan. 1, 55.

J. C. CABLE, M. D.
OFFICE at his residence, on Fourth, between Market and Washington streets, Steubenville.
Jan. 1, 55.

W. CUL GASTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Steubenville, Ohio. Refers to Hon. Wilson Shannon, Hon. Wm. Kennon, Esq., Hon. Benj. S. Cowan, and Hon. T. L. Jewett. Office at Market st., below Third street.
Jan. 1, 55.

NEW GOODS.
J. ALLEN has just received a new supply of French Merinos; Coburgs; Cassimeres; Thibet Cloths; Silk warp; figured and plain Alpaca; Bombazines; all wool plain and figured De Laines; Dress Silks; plain, figured and fancy, all colors; Ladies' Cloaks and Mantillas; a beautiful assortment; long and square Shawls